



SETTING

I was standing in a crowd of people and I could see that they were all attending the crucifixion of our Lord. The soldiers were all in front mocking the King (John 19:11, Lk 23:15, 36-37) and thus the subjects of the kingdom as well. The leaders of the nation, the scholars, private citizens, tourists were all there. I sensed the woman followers at a distance (Lk 23:49) over my left shoulder and at my left side a presence of one of his disciples, which turned out to be John (Jn

19:26), this time in the spirit in the exact time and place he was in 2,000 years ago. At my right side was another person which turned out to be Paul - in the spirit (Rom 1:9, 2 Cor 3, Eph 3:5, Phil 3:3, 1 Tim 1:16-17), who was also there in the crowd somewhere in the flesh that day (2 Cor 5:16).

SAVIOR

I looked back at the man on the cross and saw for the first time an ominous cloud hanging directly over the cross, and I knew that this cloud was God's wrath (Ps 88:7, Jn 3:36, Rom 1:18, 2:5, 4:15, 9:22, etc), about to be poured out upon his son. Once, while in Alaska, I got a 'taste' of what hell was going to be like, and the overwhelming condition that makes hades a hell, is the absolute vacuum of any other presence - God, man or devil - total and complete solitude. The worst thing about hell is that a person will be stuck with only themselves for all eternity. This terrible solitude, to me, was unbearable - even for a split second. Knowing what little I did about hell, when I saw the cloud of God's wrath about to be poured out, I couldn't stand the thought of Him going through that completely alone, especially knowing that this would also be the first time that he would be separated from his Abba's presence (Rom 5:9, 1 Cor 11:29, Col 3:6 etc) and thus infinitely more terrible than it would be for us.

SCARCELY

So I ran (Rom 9:16, 1 Cor 9:17 and 24, 2 Cor 1:12, 6:6, Phil 3:13-14, Col 3:23), pushing my way through the crowd and weaving in and around all the spectators of this monumental event. Reaching the cross, without thinking, I leaped up on to the spike that went through his feet, planting my own right foot, as much as possible, on the spike, and my left foot on the tree trunk itself, which held his cross beam, close to, and perhaps touching, the penitent thief. Then I reached around him with my right hand on his lower back, trying to lift him and ease his pain. My left arm went under his right arm, to further support and lift him, and cradled his head in my left hand. Then I placed my right temple against his right temple and spoke in his ear, "Hand on, here it comes," as I tried to shield him, as much as possible, from God's wrath (Gal 5:14, 6:2, Phil 2:5-8).

SILENCE

And then it fell. I could not feel anything in my spirit, but I knew that God's wrath had finally fallen, not on the world or crowd that deserved it, but upon his only begotten son, and - by association - upon me (Ps 88:16-18, Pr 3:11). But he was 'drinking' up the wrath, and somehow he, or the spirit, was protecting me for the most part (Ps 91:1, 103:4, 118:18, Col 3:3, 1 Thes 1:10, 11 Tim 4:18). "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?" He yelled, and that was all that he had strength for (Ps 22 'night season' - Y'shua's valley of death, Ps 88:4-7, Mk 15:34). "You know your Abba loves you, Y'shua, you know your Abba loves you." I spoke to him trying, as best I could, to comfort him (2 Cor 1:4, Phil 2:1). "He had to choose you, Y'shua, you're the only one who could do it" again I repeated these words to remind him that we needed him, or all

- for us - was lost. I love you Y'shua, I love you..." and other such words I spoke to him, trying to comfort him and let him know that he wasn't alone and give him a reason to hold on and endure the wrath.

SINKING

How long this lasted I don't know (afterwards I got the opinion that this whole thing, from start to finish, lasted about twenty minutes) but after awhile I felt him 'falling' away from me, further and further into the abyss, though he said no words. It was at this point in time, that the crowds around the cross seemed to grow even more spiteful and venomous, and it destructed me to the point where I realized, for the first time, that there were others around the cross - the spirits, good and bad were also there - and the fallen angels were not only stirring up the witless crowd (2 Cor 4:4, 2 Tim 2:26), but were themselves, likewise, hurling insults of the most derogatory nature at our savior - and he could see and hear them (Eph 2:2, 1 Tim 3:16, 5:21, 1 Pet 1:12). This really upset me to no end, and one spirit in particular was literally right behind my right shoulder, screaming at the savior, and without thinking I backhanded this individual in the head, which subsequently took care of the uproar (1 Cor 1:28, 6:3, 2 Cor 6:7, 10:3, Eph 4:27, 6:12, Col 2:15, 1 Tim 6:12, Heb 6:5, Jam 4:7, 1 Jn 2:13, Rev 12:11). Turning back to Y'shua I said, "Don't listen to them they don't know what they are saying!" but already, it looked to be too late - he was so far gone - the words of the crowds, and the absence of His Abba's presence, and the torments of God's and man's wrath were taking there toll.

SALVATION

"I'm losing him," I stated, matter-of-factly and to no one in particular - but afterwards, of course, I realized that it was Shalmah (The Holy Spirit) who heard me (Rom 8:26, Phil 2:13, 1 Thes 1:3-5, 1 Tim 1:17, 6:13, Titus 3:5-6). "We love you, Y'shua, We Love You, Y'shua!" Trying to give him reason not to give up, but no response. "You're my hero Y'shua, you're my hero! You always have been, and always will be, my hero." But still he was slipping away, so, in my desperation, and not knowing what else to do, I reminded him of who he was, with the name I had just recently been meditating on, yelling as loud as I could so that he would be sure to hear me, "You are Y'shua bar Y'hova!!!" (1 Cor 14:19, Ps 91:14, Pr 15:23, 25:11, Lk 1:35, Phil 2:9) and somehow, somehow he heard me, and though, at the time, I didn't sense it, several times since then I get the impression there was, if you will, a spiritual atomic explosion and the gates of hell and death were blown apart as that information sank down into our savior's ears (Mt 16:18). The I felt him lift up his head (Rom 14:9, Is 32:1-3, 40:31, 57:1-5, Hab 3:2, Jn 11:25-26) and I got the impression that he was looking at everyone - especially the fallen angels - in the crowds, and they all backed up a few steps (Jn 18:6) and were silenced in shock, that he had come back from the brink.

SOLACE

So I continued trying to comfort him. "Its almost over now Y'shua, its almost over now. Pretty soon it will be time for you to enter into your rest. Pretty soon you will be setting up your kingdom, when the lion will lay down with the lamb, and every man under his own fig tree (Pr 27:18, Mic 4:4 etc) and the River of Life will water the whole earth" (Is 12:3. It was soon after I said this to him, that he spoke of his thirst (Jn 19:28).

SANCTIFICATION

I could sense the soldier going for the vinegar, and knowing that he was about to give up the ghost, I squatted down (1 Tim 4:8) placing both hands around his waste and lifted him up (Ec 4:9-10), so he could speak his last words and receive some relief from the torture of his crucifixion. As I did, he said to me, "I love you David" (Ps 108:6, 2 Tim 2:19, etc David, in Hebrew means beloved), and this set me back as totally unexpected, and lowering my head I said, "How on earth can you be thinking about me at a time like this?" (Is 66:2), for, as far as I could tell, he was still under God's wrath, but perhaps it was over by now - I don't know. Then came the sop with the vinegar, and quenching his thirst, he took a deep breath, I assumed, to speak his final words, but to my shock and surprise and stupefaction, he breathed into me (John 20:22 - note vs 24, Is 51:16, and compare it with: 1 Sam 2:8, 2 Sam 22:16, Ps 144:12, Pr 3:19, Jer 33:25, Hag 2:21, Zech 12:1 etc) and for the first time since joining him on the cross, I looked into his face (1 Cor 13:12, 1 Jn 3:2), and there was fire in his eyes - he looked like hell warmed over - and this thought went through my mind, and I am quite sure that he heard me. He was, besides all this, continuing to confirm his love for me with a smile in those same eyes (of all things) as if he knew something that had totally gone right over my head (it is connected to the "every man under his own fig tree" but that is a story for another time).

SEPARATION

So, while I was in this kinda shock at this impromptu ordination, I felt myself being torn away from him (2 Cor 1:10, 5:6, Phil 1:21-24) - two hands, one under each arm at the shoulder - and carried through the air, away from the cross, back to the side of John and Paul, both of whom had apparently seen and heard all this (1 Tim 5:25, 1 Cor 14:11-19). I felt that there were two angels involved in this separation (Rom 5:7-8, 1 Pet 4:18), but I, still in kind of a state of shock, could only focus on my brother on the cross (Deut 30:20, Prov 17:17, Mt 11:11, Eph 2:14-15 etc). The angels, apparently, had to steady me on my feet (1 Cor 16:13, Gal 6:9 etc) though I don't know why. Then he said his final words and gave up the ghost and died. I promptly collapsed out of sheer exhaustion and had to steady myself, even then, with my left hand on the ground (Dan 10:8-10).

SYNERGY

I said, almost to myself, "He made it." Looking up, I saw him lifeless on the cross, slumped over on his left side. "He did it." stronger this time, as if life was ebbing back into me. Then I staggered to my feet as the realization came flooding home "He did it! I knew he could do it! He

did it! Yeah!!!!" I yelled, shaking my clenched fist in the air, "I want to be like him!!!!" And that is when the earthquake hit; all around the ground was shaking and people were screaming and falling over - everyone but me (Ps 112:6, Is 26:3, Mick 5:4 etc). I simply stood firm when all else was rolling. "Yeah, I want to be like Him!" again, as I turned around and looked down the mount of Olives to the temple, and started walking towards it. "You are just like him." I heard coming from both Paul and John, who had been watching me through all of this (Eph 1:18, 3:9), but I was too preoccupied with getting to the temple to stop and ask them what they meant by that (2 Cor 4:10, 6:9-10, Gal 2:20, 6:14, Phil 3:10 etc).

SEARCH

When I got up from my prayer, the feeling was so real, that I reread the passages that talk about the crucifixion, and when I got to the place where he gave up the ghost, it was like I was there all over again, as if it had just occurred, and again, I found myself weakly whispering 'he make it.' It was still that real to me, unlike anything else I have experienced to date - as if I had been with him there on the cross, and yet, I knew that this was 'impossible', so I shrugged it all off, at least for a couple of days, until the question came to me, "Why did you use you left hand" to hold his head? I know that very few will believe me, but it was Paul who posed this question to me (2 Kings 5:26, 1 Cor 5:3, Eph 2:6, Col 2:5, 1 Jn 1:3, Rev 3:20 - remember that I am a literalist, so what else could these verses mean?). So, this question prompted me to search the scriptures, which subsequently exploded with support of the reality of this experience (Pr 25:2, Jer 33:3, 1 Cor 2:13 etc) which will be the subject of future posts, time, and the Lord, permitting.

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